THE LIFE and OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

8 Lb. 1813

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENTLEMAN.

Dixero ſi quid fortè jocoſius, hoc mihi juris
Cum venia dabis. HOR.

----- *Si quis calumnietur levius eſſe quam decet theologum, aut mordacius quam deceat Chriſtianum----non Ego, ſed Democritus dixit.----*
ERASMUS.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE
LIFE and OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

—WE'LL not ſtop two moments, my dear Sir,—only, as we have got thro' theſe five volumes, (do, Sir, ſit down upon a ſet——they are better than nothing) let us juſt look back upon the country we have paſs'd through.———

——What a wilderneſs has it been! and what a mercy that we have not both

of us been loſt, or devoured by wild beaſts in it.

Did you think the world itſelf, Sir, had contained ſuch a number of Jack Aſſes?——How they view'd and review'd us as we paſſed over the rivulet at the bottom of that little valley!—— and when we climbed over that hill, and were juſt getting out of ſight—good God! what a braying did they all ſet up together!

—— Prithee, ſhepherd! who keeps all thoſe Jack Aſſes? * * *

—— Heaven be their comforter—— What! are they never curried?——Are they never taken in in winter?——Bray bray—bray. Bray on,—the world is deeply your debtor;——louder ſtill—

that's

that's nothing;—in good ſooth, you are ill-uſed:——Was I a Jack Aſſe, I ſolemnly declare, I would bray in G-ſol-re-ut from morning, even unto night.

CHAP. II.

WHEN my father had danced his white bear backwards and forwards through half a dozen pages, he cloſed the book for good an' all,—and in a kind of triumph redelivered it into *Trim*'s hand, with a nod to lay it upon the 'ſcrutoire where he found it.——*Triſtram*, ſaid he, ſhall be made to conjugate every word in the dictionary, backwards and forwards the ſame way;——every word, *Yorick*, by this means, you ſee, is converted into a theſis or an hypotheſis;—every theſis and hypotheſis have an off-

ſpring of propoſitions;—and each propoſition has its own conſequences and concluſions; every one of which leads the mind on again, into freſh tracks of enquiries and doubtings.——The force of this engine, added my father, is incredible, in opening a child's head.——'Tis enough, brother *Shandy*, cried my uncle *Toby*, to burſt it into a thouſand ſplinters.——

I preſume, ſaid *Yorick*, ſmiling,—it muſt be owing to this,——(for let logicians ſay what they will, it is not to be accounted for ſufficiently from the bare uſe of the ten predicaments)——That the famous *Vincent Quirino*, amongſt the many other aſtoniſhing feats of his childhood, of which the Cardinal *Bembo* has given the world ſo exact a ſtory,—ſhould be able to paſte up in the publick ſchools

at *Rome*, ſo early as in the eighth year of his age, no leſs than four thouſand, five hundred, and ſixty different theſes, upon the moſt abſtruſe points of the moſt abſtruſe theology;—and to defend and maintain them in ſuch ſort, as to cramp and dumbfound his opponents.——What is that, cried my father, to what is told us of *Alphonſus Toſtatus*, who, almoſt in his nurſe's arms, learned all the ſciences and liberal arts without being taught any one of them?——What ſhall we ſay of the great *Piereſkius?*—That's the very man, cried my uncle *Toby*, I once told you of, brother *Shandy*, who walked a matter of five hundred miles, reckoning from *Paris* to *Schevling*, and from *Schevling* back again, merely to ſee *Stevinus*'s flying chariot.——He was a very great man! added my uncle *Toby*; (meaning *Stevinus*)—He was ſo;

brother *Toby*, ſaid my father, (meaning *Pireſkius*)——and had multiplied his ideas ſo faſt, and increaſed his knowlege to ſuch a prodigious ſtock, that, if we may give credit to an ancedote concerning him, which we cannot withhold here, without ſhaking the authority of all anecdotes whatever—at ſeven years of age, his father committed entirely to his care the education of his younger brother, a boy of five years old,—with the ſole management of all his concerns.—Was the father as wiſe as the ſon? quoth my uncle *Toby*:—I ſhould think not, ſaid *Yorick*:—But what are theſe, continued my father—(breaking out in a kind of enthuſiaſm)—what are theſe, to thoſe prodigies of childhood in *Grotius*, *Scioppius*, *Heinſius*, *Politian*, *Paſcal*, *Joſeph Scaliger*, *Ferdinand de Cordouè*, and others—ſome of which left off their *ſubſtantial forms* at

nine years old, or ſooner, and went on reaſoning without them;—others went through their claſſics at ſeven;—wrote tragedies at eight;—*Ferdinand de Cordouè* was ſo wiſe at nine,—'twas thought the Devil was in him;——and at *Venice* gave ſuch proofs of his knowlege and goodneſs, that the monks imagined he was *Antichriſt*, or nothing.——Others were maſters of fourteen languages at ten,—finiſhed the courſe of their rhetoric, poetry, logic, and ethics at eleven,—put forth their commentaries upon *Servius* and *Martianus Capella* at twelve,—and at thirteen received their degrees in philoſophy, laws, and divinity:—— But you forget the great *Lipſius*, quoth *Yorick*, who compoſed a work * the day he

* Nous aurions quelque interêt, ſays *Baillet*, de montrer qu'il n' a rien de ridicule ſ'il étoit véritable,

he was born;——They ſhould have wiped it up, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, and ſaid no more about it.

CHAP. III.

WHEN the cataplaſm was ready, a ſcruple of *decorum* had unſeaſonably roſe up in *Suſannah*'s conſcience, about holding the candle, whilſt *Slop* tied it on; *Slop* had not treated *Suſannah*'s diſtemper with anodines,—and ſo a quarrel had enſued betwixt them.

ble, au moins dans le ſens énigmatique que *Nicius Erythræus* a tâché de lui donner. Cet auteur dit que pour comprendre comme *Lipſe*, a pû compoſer un ouvrage le premier jour de ſa vie, il faut ſ'imaginer, que ce premier jour n'eſt pas celui de ſa naiſſance charnelle, mais celui au quel il a commencé d'uſer de la raiſon; il veut que ç'ait été a l'age de *neuf* ans; et il nous veut perſuader que ce fut en cet âge, que *Lipſe* fit un poem.——Le tour eſt ingenieux, &c. &c.

——Oh!

——Oh! oh!——ſaid *Slop*, caſting a glance of undue freedom in *Suſannah*'s face, as ſhe declined the office;——then, I think I know you, madam—— You know me, Sir! cried *Suſannah* faſtidiouſly, and with a toſs of her head, levelled evidently, not at his profeſſion, but at the doctor himſelf,——you know me! cried *Suſannah* again.——Doctor *Slop* clapped his finger and his thumb inſtantly upon his noſtrils;——*Suſannah*'s ſpleen was ready to burſt at it;——'Tis falſe, ſaid *Suſannah*.—Come, come, Mrs. Modeſty, ſaid *Slop*, not a little elated with the ſucceſs of his laſt thruſt,——if you won't hold the candle, and look—you may hold it and ſhut your eyes:—That's one of your popiſh ſhifts, cried *Suſannah*:—'Tis better, ſaid *Slop*, with a nod, than no ſhift at all, young

woman;——I defy you, Sir, cried *Suſannah*, pulling her ſhift ſleeve below her elbow.

It was almoſt impoſſible for two perſons to aſſiſt each other in a ſurgical caſe with a more ſplenetic cordiality.

Slop ſnatched up the cataplaſm,—— *Suſannah* ſnatched up the candle;—— A little this way, ſaid *Slop*; *Suſannah* looking one way, and rowing another, inſtantly ſet fire to *Slop*'s wig, which being ſomewhat buſhy and unctuous withal, was burnt out before it was well kindled.——You impudent whore! cried *Slop*,—(for what is paſſion, but a wild beaſt)—you impudent whore, cried *Slop*, getting upright, with the cataplaſm in his hand;——I never was the deſtruction of any body's noſe, ſaid *Suſannah*,—which is more than you can ſay:

——Is

——Is it? cried *Slop*, throwing the cataplaſm in her face;——Yes, it is, cried *Suſannah*, returning the compliment with what was left in the pan.——

CHAP. IV.

DOCTOR *Slop* and *Suſannah* filed croſs-bills againſt each other in the parlour; which done, as the cataplaſm had failed, they retired into the kitchen to prepare a fomentation for me;—and whilſt that was doing, my father determined the point as you will read.

CHAP. V.

YOU ſee 'tis high time, ſaid my father, addreſſing himſelf equally to my uncle *Toby* and *Yorick*, to take this young creature out of theſe women's hands, and put him into thoſe of a private governor. *Marcus Antoninus* provided four-

teen

teen governors all at once to ſuperintend his ſon *Commodus*'s education,—and in ſix weeks he caſhiered five of them;—I know very well, continued my father, that *Commodus*'s mother was in love with a gladiator at the time of her conception, which accounts for a great many of *Commodus*'s cruelties when he became emperor;—but ſtill I am of opinion, that thoſe five whom *Antoninus* diſmiſſed, did *Commodus*'s temper in that ſhort time, more hurt than the other nine were able to rectify all their lives long.

Now as I conſider the perſon who is to be about my ſon, as the mirror in which he is to view himſelf from morning to night, and by which he is to adjuſt his looks, his carriage, and perhaps the inmoſt ſentiments of his heart;—I would have one, *Yorick*, if poſſible, poliſhed at

all

all points, fit for my child to look into! ——This is very good ſenſe, quoth my uncle *Toby* to himſelf.

——There is, continued my father, a certain mien and motion of the body and all its parts, both in acting and ſpeaking, which argues a man *well within*; and I am not at all ſurprized that *Gregory* of *Nazianzum*, upon obſerving the haſty and untoward geſtures of *Julian*, ſhould foretel he would one day become an apoſtate;——or that St. *Ambroſe* ſhould turn his *Amanuenſis* out of doors, becauſe of an indecent motion of his head, which went backwards and forwards like a flail;——or that *Democritus* ſhould conceive *Protagoras* to be a ſcholar, from ſeeing him bind up a faggot, and thruſting, as he did it, the ſmall twigs inwards.——There are a thou-

thouſand unnoticed openings, continued my father, which let a penetrating eye at once into a man's ſoul; and I maintain it, added he, that a man of ſenſe does not lay down his hat in coming into a room,—or take it up in going out of it, but ſomething eſcapes, which diſcovers him.

It is for theſe reaſons, continued my father, that the governor I make choice of ſhall neither * liſp, or ſquint, or wink, or talk loud, or look fierce, or fooliſh; ——or bite his lips, or grind his teeth, or ſpeak through his noſe, or pick it, or blow it with his fingers.——

He ſhall neither walk faſt,—or ſlow, or fold his arms,—for that is lazineſs;—or hang them down,—for that is folly;

* Vid. *Pellegrina.*

or hide them in his pocket, for that is nonſenſe.——

He ſhall neither ſtrike, or pinch, or tickle,—or bite, or cut his nails, or hawk, or ſpit, or ſnift, or drum with his feet or fingers in company;——nor (according to *Eraſmus*) ſhall he ſpeak to any one in making water,—nor ſhall he point to carrion or excrement.——Now this is all nonſenſe again, quoth my uncle *Toby* to himſelf.——

I will have him, continued my father, cheerful, faceté, jovial; at the ſame time, prudent, attentive to buſineſs, vigilant, acute, argute, inventive, quick in reſolving doubts and ſpeculative queſtions;——he ſhall be wiſe and judicious, and learned:——And why not humble, and moderate, and gentle tempered, and

good?

good? ſaid *Yorick*:——And why not, cried my uncle *Toby*, free, and generous, and bountiful, and brave?——He ſhall, my dear *Toby*, replied my father, getting up and ſhaking him by his hand.—Then, brother *Shandy*, anſwered my uncle *Toby*, raiſing himſelf off the chair, and laying down his pipe to take hold of my father's other hand,—I humbly beg I may recommend poor *Le Fever*'s ſon to you;——a tear of joy of the firſt water ſparkled in my uncle *Toby*'s eye,—and another, the fellow to it, in the corporal's, as the propoſition was made;——you will ſee why when you read *Le Fever*'s ſtory:——fool that I was! nor can I recollect, (nor perhaps you) without turning back to the place, what it was that hindered me from letting the corporal tell it in his own words;—but

the

the occaſion is loſt,—I muſt tell it now in my own.

CHAP. VI.

The Story of Le Fever.

IT was ſome time in the ſummer of that year in which *Dendermond* was taken by the allies,—which was about ſeven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many, after the time, that my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* had privately decamped from my father's houſe in town, in order to lay ſome of the fineſt ſieges to ſome of the fineſt fortified cities in *Europe*——when my uncle *Toby* was one evening getting his ſupper, with *Trim* ſitting behind him at a ſmall ſideboard,—I ſay, ſitting—for

in conſideration of the corporal's lame knee (which ſometimes gave him exquiſite pain)—when my uncle *Toby* dined or ſupped alone, he would never ſuffer the corporal to ſtand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his maſter was ſuch, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle *Toby* could have taken *Dendermond* itſelf, with leſs trouble than he was able to gain this point over him; for many a time when my uncle *Toby* ſuppoſed the corporal's leg was at reſt, he would look back, and detect him ſtanding behind him with the moſt dutiful reſpect: this bred more little ſquabbles betwixt them, than all other cauſes for five and twenty years together——But this is neither here nor there—why do I mention it?——Aſk my pen,—it governs me,—I govern not it.

He

He was one evening ſitting thus at his ſupper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glaſs or two of ſack; 'Tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, ſaid the landlord, who has been taken ill at my houſe four days ago, and has never held up his head ſince, or had a deſire to taſte any thing, till juſt now, that he has a fancy for a glaſs of ſack and a thin toaſt,——*I think*, ſays he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*———

——If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy ſuch a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almoſt ſteal it for the poor gentleman, he is ſo ill.——I hope in God he will ſtill mend, continued he, —we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good natured ſoul, I will anſwer for thee, cried my uncle *Toby*; and thou ſhalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glaſs of ſack thyſelf, —and take a couple of bottles with my ſervice, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

Though I am perſuaded, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, as the landlord ſhut the door, he is a very compaſſionate fellow—*Trim*, —yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his gueſt too; there muſt be ſomething more than common in him, that in ſo ſhort a time ſhould win ſo much upon the affections of his hoſt; ——And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.——Step after him, ſaid my uncle

uncle *Toby*,—do *Trim*,—and aſk if he knows his name.

——I have quite forgot it, truly, ſaid the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—but I can aſk his ſon again:——Has he a ſon with him then? ſaid my uncle *Toby*.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has taſted almoſt as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:——He has not ſtirred from the bedſide theſe two days.

My uncle *Toby* laid down his knife and fork, and thruſt his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and *Trim*, without being ordered, took away without ſaying one

word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

—— Stay in the room a little, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.——

Trim!——ſaid my uncle *Toby*, after he lighted his pipe, and ſmoak'd about a dozen whiffs.——*Trim* came in front of his maſter and made his bow;—my uncle *Toby* ſmoak'd on, and ſaid no more.——Corporal! ſaid my uncle *Toby* ——the corporal made his bow.—— My uncle *Toby* proceeded no farther, but finiſhed his pipe.

Trim! ſaid my uncle *Toby*, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myſelf up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a viſit to this poor gentleman.—— Your honour's roque-

laure,

laure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, ſince the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. *Nicholas*;——and beſides it is ſo cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear ſo; replied my uncle *Toby*, but I am not at reſt in my mind, *Trim*, ſince the account the landlord has given me. ——I wiſh I had not known ſo much of this affair,—added my uncle *Toby*,—or that I had known more of it:——How ſhall we manage it? Leave it, an't pleaſe your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;——I'll take my hat and ſtick and go to the houſe and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your

honour a full account in an hour.——Thou ſhalt go, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, and here's a ſhilling for thee to drink with his ſervant.——I ſhall get it all out of him, ſaid the corporal, ſhutting the door.

My uncle *Toby* filled his ſecond pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with conſidering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a ſtraight line, as a crooked one,—he might be ſaid to have thought of nothing elſe but poor *Le Fever* and his boy the whole time he ſmoaked it.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

The Story of LE FEVER *continued.*

IT was not till my uncle *Toby* had knocked the aſhes out of his third pipe, that corporal *Trim* returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I deſpaired at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor ſick lieutenant—Is he in the army then? ſaid my uncle *Toby*——He is: ſaid the corporal——And in what regiment? ſaid my uncle *Toby*——I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing ſtraight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, *Trim*, I'll fill another pipe, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, and not interrupt thee till

till thou haſt done; ſo ſit down at thy eaſe, *Trim*, in the window ſeat, and begin thy ſtory again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally ſpoke as plain as a bow could ſpeak it—*Your honour is good:*——And having done that, he ſat down, as he was ordered,—and begun the ſtory to my uncle *Toby* over again in pretty near the ſame words.

I deſpaired at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the lieutenant and his ſon; for when I aſked where his ſervant was, from whom I made myſelf ſure of knowing every thing which was proper to be aſked,—That's a right diſtinction, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*—I was anſwered, an' pleaſe your honour, that he had no ſervant

with

with him;——that he had come to the inn with hired horſes, which, upon finding himſelf unable to proceed, (to join, I ſuppoſe, the regiment) he had diſmiſſed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, ſaid he, as he gave his purſe to his ſon to pay the man, —we can hire horſes from hence.——But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, ſaid the landlady to me, —for I heard the death-watch all night long;——and when he dies, the youth, his ſon, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toaſt the landlord ſpoke of;——but I will do it for my father myſelf, ſaid the youth. ——Pray let me ſave you the trouble,

young

young gentleman, ſaid I, taking up a fork for the purpoſe, and offering him my chair to ſit down upon by the fire, whilſt I did it.——I believe, Sir, ſaid he, very modeſtly, I can pleaſe him beſt myſelf.——I am ſure, ſaid I, his honour will not like the toaſt the worſe for being toaſted by an old ſoldier.——The youth took hold of my hand, and inſtantly burſt into tears.——Poor youth! ſaid my uncle *Toby*,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a ſoldier, *Trim*, ſounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wiſh I had him here.

——I never in the longeſt march, ſaid the corporal, had ſo great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' pleaſe your honour?

Nothing

Nothing in the world, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, blowing his noſe,—but that thou art a good natured fellow.

When I gave him the toaſt, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain *Shandy*'s ſervant, and that your honour (though a ſtranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your houſe or cellar——(And thou might'ſt have added my purſe too, ſaid my uncle *Toby*)——he was heartily welcome to it:——He made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no anſwer,—for his heart was full—ſo he went up ſtairs with the toaſt;—I warrant you, my dear, ſaid I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.——Mr. *Yorick*'s curate was

ſmoak-

ſmoaking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but ſaid not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.——I thought it wrong; added the corporal——I think ſo too, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

When the lieutenant had taken his glaſs of ſack and toaſt, he felt himſelf a little revived, and ſent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he ſhould be glad if I would ſtep up ſtairs.——I believe, ſaid the landlord, he is going to ſay his prayers,——for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedſide, and as I ſhut the door, I ſaw his ſon take up a cuſhion.——

I thought, ſaid the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. *Trim*, never ſaid your prayers at all.——I heard the

poor gentleman ſay his prayers laſt night, ſaid the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.——Are you ſure of it? replied the curate.——A ſoldier, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parſon; ——and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the moſt reaſon to pray to God, of any one in the whole world——'Twas well ſaid of thee, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.——But when a ſoldier, ſaid I, an' pleaſe your reverence, has been ſtanding for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, ſaid I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—harraſſed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—harraſſing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;

there;—reſting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his ſhirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without ſtraw in his tent to kneel on;—muſt ſay his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—I believe, ſaid I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, that when a ſoldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parſon,—though not with all his fuſs and hypocriſy.——Thou ſhouldſt not have ſaid that, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:——At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then)—it will be ſeen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not; and we ſhall be advanced, *Trim*, accordingly.——I hope we ſhall, ſaid

ſaid *Trim*.——It is in the Scripture, ſaid my uncle *Toby*; and I will ſhew it thee to-morrow:——In the mean time we may depend upon it, *Trim*, for our comfort, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, that God Almighty is ſo good and juſt a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:—— I hope not; ſaid the corporal——But go on, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, with thy ſtory.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raiſed upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambrick handkerchief be-

ſide it:——The youth was juſt ſtooping down to take up the cuſhion, upon which I ſuppoſed he had been kneeling, —the book was laid upon the bed,— and as he roſe, in taking up the cuſhion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the ſame time.—— Let it remain there, my dear, ſaid the lieutenant.

He did not offer to ſpeak to me, till I had walked up cloſe to his bed-ſide :— If you are Captain *Shandy*'s ſervant, ſaid he, you muſt preſent my thanks to your maſter, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courteſy to me;—if he was of *Levens*'s—ſaid the lieutenant.—I told him your honour was—Then, ſaid he, I ſerved three campaigns with him in *Flanders*, and remember him,—but 'tis moſt likely, as

I had

I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.——You will tell him, however, that the perſon his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one *Le Fever*, a lieutenant in *Angus*'s——but he knows me not,—ſaid he, a ſecond time, muſing;—— poſſibly he may my ſtory—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the enſign at *Breda*, whoſe wife was moſt unfortunately killed with a muſket ſhot, as ſhe lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember the ſtory, an't pleaſe your honour, ſaid I, very well. ——Do you ſo? ſaid he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In ſaying this, he drew a little ring out of his boſom, which ſeemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiſs'd it twice——Here, *Billy*, ſaid he,——the boy flew acroſs the room to

the bed-ſide,—and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kiſſed it too,—then kiſſed his father, and ſat down upon the bed and wept.

I wiſh, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, with a deep ſigh,—I wiſh, *Trim*, I was aſleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned;—ſhall I pour your honour out a glaſs of ſack to your pipe?——Do, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*.

I remember, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, ſighing again, the ſtory of the enſign and his wife, with a circumſtance his modeſty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as ſhe, upon ſome account or other, (I forget what) was univerſally pitied by the whole regiment;

—but

—but finiſh the ſtory thou art upon: —'Tis finiſhed already, ſaid the corporal,—for I could ſtay no longer,—ſo wiſhed his honour a good night; young *Le Fever* roſe from off the bed, and ſaw me to the bottom of the ſtairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from *Ireland*, and were on their route to join the regiment in *Flanders*.——But alas! ſaid the corporal,—the lieutenant's laſt day's march is over. —Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle *Toby*.

CHAP. VIII.

The Story of LE FEVER *continued.*

IT was to my uncle *Toby*'s eternal honour,——though I tell it only for the ſake of thoſe, who, when coop'd in betwixt a natural and a poſitive law,

know not for their ſouls, which way in the world to turn themſelves——That notwithſtanding my uncle *Toby* was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the ſiege of *Derdermond*, parallel with the allies, who preſſed theirs on ſo vigorouſly, that they ſcarce allowed him time to get his dinner——that nevertheleſs he gave up *Dendermond*, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterſcarp;—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private diſtreſſes at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be ſaid to have turned the ſiege of *Dendermond* into a blockade, —he left *Dendermond* to itſelf,—to be relieved or not by the *French* king, as the *French* king thought good; and only conſidered how he himſelf ſhould relieve the poor lieutenant and his ſon.

——That

——That kind BEING, who is a friend to the friendleſs, ſhall recompence thee for this.

Thou haſt left this matter ſhort, ſaid my uncle *Toby* to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,——and I will tell thee in what, *Trim*. ——In the firſt place, when thou madeſt an offer of my ſervices to *Le Fever*,—as ſickneſs and travelling are both expenſive, and thou knoweſt he was but a poor lieutenant, with a ſon to ſubſiſt as well as himſelf, out of his pay,—that thou didſt not make an offer to him of my purſe; becauſe, had he ſtood in need, thou knoweſt, *Trim*, he had been as welcome to it as myſelf.——Your honour knows, ſaid the corporal, I had no orders;——True, quoth my uncle *Toby*,—thou didſt very

right, *Trim*, as a ſoldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the ſecond place, for which, indeed, thou haſt the ſame excuſe, continued my uncle *Toby*,——when thou offeredſt him whatever was in my houſe,—thou ſhouldſt have offered him my houſe too:——A ſick brother officer ſhould have the beſt quarters, *Trim*, and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him:——Thou art an excellent nurſe thyſelf, *Trim*,—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and ſet him upon his legs.——

—— In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle *Toby*, ſmiling,—he might march.——He will never march, an'

an' pleaſe your honour, in this world, ſaid the corporal:——He will march; ſaid my uncle *Toby*, riſing up from the ſide of the bed, with one ſhoe off:——An' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal, he will never march, but to his grave:——He ſhall march, cried my uncle *Toby*, marching the foot which had a ſhoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he ſhall march to his regiment.——He cannot ſtand it, ſaid the corporal;——He ſhall be ſupported, ſaid my uncle *Toby*;——He'll drop at laſt, ſaid the corporal, and what will become of his boy?——He ſhall not drop, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, firmly.——A-well-o'day,—do what we can for him, ſaid *Trim*, maintaining his point,—the poor ſoul will die:——He ſhall not die, by G—, cried my uncle *Toby*.

——The

—The ACCUSING SPIRIT which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, bluſh'd as he gave it in; — and the RECORDING ANGEL as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

CHAP. IX.

—MY uncle *Toby* went to his bureau,—put his purſe into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a phyſician,—he went to bed, and fell aſleep.

CHAP. X.

The Story of LE FEVER *concluded.*

THE ſun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but *Le Fever*'s and his afflicted ſon's; the hand of death preſs'd heavy upon his eye-lids,——and hardly could the wheel at the ciſtern turn round its circle,—when my uncle *Toby*, who had roſe up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, ſat himſelf down upon the chair by the bed-ſide, and independantly of all modes and cuſtoms, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and aſked him how he did,—how he had reſted in the night,—what

was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him :——and without giving him time to anſwer any one of the enquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.——

—— You ſhall go home directly, *Le Fever*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, to my houſe, —and we'll ſend for a doctor to ſee what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal ſhall be your nurſe ;——and I'll be your ſervant, *Le Fever*.

There was a frankneſs in my uncle *Toby*,—not the *effect* of familiarity,—but the *cauſe* of it,—which let you at once into his ſoul, and ſhewed you the goodneſs of his nature ; to this, there was

ſome-

ſomething in his looks, and voice, and manner, ſuperadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take ſhelter under him; ſo that before my uncle *Toby* had half finiſhed the kind offers he was making to the father, had the ſon inſenſibly preſſed up cloſe to his knees, and had taken hold of the breaſt of his coat, and was pulling it towards him,——The blood and ſpirits of *Le Fever*, which were waxing cold and ſlow within him, and were retreating to their laſt citadel, the heart,—rallied back,—the film forſook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wiſhfully in my uncle *Toby*'s face,—then caſt a look upon his boy,——and that *ligament*, fine as it was,—was never broken.——

Nature inſtantly ebb'd again,——the film returned to its place,——the pulſe

flut-

fluttered——ſtopp'd—— went on——
——throb'd——ſtopp'd again——mo-
ved——ſtopp'd——ſhall I go on?——
No.

CHAP. XI.

I Am ſo impatient to return to my own ſtory, that what remains of young *Le Fever*'s, that is, from this turn of his fortune, to the time my uncle *Toby* recommended him for my preceptor, ſhall be told in a very few words, in the next chapter.—All that is neceſſary to be added to this chapter is as follows.—

That my uncle *Toby*, with young *Le Fever* in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant, as chief mourners, to his grave.

That

That the governor of *Dendermond* paid his obſequies all military honours,—and that *Yorick*, not to be behind hand—paid him all eccleſiaſtic—for he buried him in his chancel:—And it appears likewiſe, he preached a funeral ſermon over him——I ſay it *appears*,—for it was *Yorick*'s cuſtom, which I ſuppoſe a general one with thoſe of his profeſſion, on the firſt leaf of every ſermon which he compoſed, to chronicle down the time, the place, and the occaſion of its being preached: to this, he was ever wont to add ſome ſhort comment or ſtricture upon the ſermon itſelf, ſeldom, indeed, much to its credit:—For inſtance, *This ſermon upon the jewiſh diſpenſation—I don't like it at all*;—*Though I own there is a world of* WATER-LANDISH *knowlege in it*,—*but 'tis all tritical, and moſt*

moſt tritically put together.——*This is but a flimſy kind of a compoſition; what was in my head when I made it?*

—— N. B. *The excellency of this text is, that it will ſuit any ſermon,—and of this ſermon,——that it will ſuit any text.*——

—— *For this ſermon I ſhall be hanged,—for I have ſtolen the greateſt part of it. Doctor* Paidagunes *found me out.* ☞ *Set a thief to catch a thief.*——

On the back of half a dozen I find written, *So, ſo,* and no more——and upon a couple *Moderato*; by which, as far as one may gather from *Altieri*'s *Italian* dictionary,—but moſtly from the authority of a piece of green whipcord, which ſeemed to have been the unravel-

ling of *Yorick*'s whip-laſh, with which he has left us the two ſermons marked *Moderato*, and the half dozen of *So, ſo*, tied faſt together in one bundle by themſelves,—one may ſafely ſuppoſe he meant pretty near the ſame thing.

There is but one difficulty in the way of this conjecture, which is this, that the *moderato*'s are five times better than the *ſo, ſo*'s;—ſhew ten times more knowlege of the human heart;—have ſeventy times more wit and ſpirit in them;—(and, to riſe properly in my climax)—diſcover a thouſand times more genius;—and to crown all, are infinitely more entertaining than thoſe tied up with them;—for which reaſon, whene'er *Yorick*'s *dramatic* ſermons are offered to the world, though I ſhall admit but one out of the whole number of the *ſo, ſo*'s, I ſhall,

nevertheleſs, adventure to print the two *moderato*'s without any ſort of ſcruple.

What *Yorick* could mean by the words *lentamente*,—*tenutè*,—*grave*,—and ſometimes *adagio*,—as applied to theological compoſitions, and with which he has characterized ſome of theſe ſermons, I dare not venture to gueſs.——I am more puzzled ſtill upon finding *a l'ottava alta!* upon one;——*Conſtrepito* upon the back of another;——*Scicilliana* upon a third;——*Alla capella* upon a fourth;——*Con l'arco* upon this;——*Senza l'arco* upon that.——All I know is, that they are muſical terms, and have a meaning;——and as he was a muſical man, I will make no doubt, but that by ſome quaint application of ſuch metaphors to the compoſitions in hand, they impreſſed very diſtinct ideas of their ſeveral characters

racters upon his fancy,—whatever they may do upon that of others.

Amongſt theſe, there is that particular ſermon which has unaccountably led me into this digreſſion——The funeral ſermon upon poor *Le Fever*, wrote out very fairly, as if from a haſty copy.—I take notice of it the more, becauſe it ſeems to have been his favourite compoſition——It is upon mortality; and is tied length-ways and croſs-ways with a yarn thrum, and then rolled up and twiſted round with a half ſheet of dirty blue paper, which ſeems to have been once the caſt cover of a general review, which to this day ſmells horribly of horſe-drugs.——Whether theſe marks of humiliation were deſigned,—I ſomething doubt;——becauſe at the end of the ſermon, (and not at the beginning

of it)—very different from his way of treating the reſt, he had wrote——

Bravo!

——Though not very offenſively, ——for it is at two inches, at leaſt, and a half's diſtance from, and below the concluding line of the ſermon, at the very extremity of the page, and in that right hand corner of it, which, you know, is generally covered with your thumb; and, to do it juſtice, it is wrote beſides with a crow's quill ſo faintly in a ſmall *Italian* hand, as ſcarce to ſollicit the eye towards the place, whether your thumb is there or not,—ſo that from the *manner of it*, it ſtands half excuſed; and being wrote moreover with very pale ink, diluted almoſt to nothing,—'tis more like a *ritratto* of the ſhadow of vanity, than of VANITY herſelf—of the two; reſembling rather a faint thought

of tranſient applauſe, ſecretly ſtirring up in the heart of the compoſer, than a groſs mark of it, coarſely obtruded upon the world.

With all theſe extenuations, I am aware, that in publiſhing this, I do no ſervice to *Yorick*'s character as a modeſt man;—but all men have their failings! and what leſſens this ſtill farther, and almoſt wipes it away, is this; that the word was ſtruck through ſometime afterwards (as appears from a different tint of the ink) with a line quite acroſs it in this manner, ~~BRAVO~~——as if he had retracted, or was aſhamed of the opinion he had once entertained of it.

Theſe ſhort characters of his ſermons were always written, excepting in this one inſtance, upon the firſt leaf of his

ſermon, which ſerved as a cover to it; and uſually upon the inſide of it, which was turned towards the text;—but at the end of his diſcourſe, where, perhaps, he had five or ſix pages, and ſometimes, perhaps, a whole ſcore to turn himſelf in,—he took a larger circuit, and, indeed, a much more mettleſome one;—as if he had ſnatched the occaſion of unlacing himſelf with a few more frolickſome ſtrokes at vice, than the ſtraitneſs of the pulpit allowed.—Theſe, though huſſar-like, they ſkirmiſh lightly and out of all order, are ſtill auxiliaries on the ſide of virtue—; tell me then, Mynheer Vander Blonederdondergewdenſtronke, why they ſhould not be printed together?

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

WHEN my uncle *Toby* had turned every thing into money, and ſettled all accounts betwixt the agent of the regiment and *Le Fever*, and betwixt *Le Fever* and all mankind,—— there remained nothing more in my uncle *Toby*'s hands, than an old regimental coat and a ſword; ſo that my uncle *Toby* found little or no oppoſition from the world in taking adminiſtration. The coat my uncle *Toby* gave the corporal; ——Wear it, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, as long as it will hold together, for the ſake of the poor lieutenant——And this,——ſaid my uncle *Toby*, taking up the ſword in his hand, and drawing it out of the ſcabbard as he ſpoke——and this, *Le Fever*, I'll ſave for thee,—'tis

all the fortune, continued my uncle *Toby*, hanging it up upon a crook, and pointing to it,—'tis all the fortune, my dear *Le Fever*, which God has left thee; but if he has given thee a heart to fight thy way with it in the world,—and thou doeſt it like a man of honour,—'tis enough for us.

As ſoon as my uncle *Toby* had laid a foundation, and taught him to inſcribe a regular polygon in a circle, he ſent him to a public ſchool, where, excepting *Whitſontide* and *Chriſtmas*, at which times the corporal was punctually diſpatched for him,—he remained to the ſpring of the year, ſeventeen; when the ſtories of the emperor's ſending his army into *Hungary* againſt the *Turks*, kindling a ſpark of fire in his boſom, he left his *Greek* and *Latin* without leave, and

throw-

throwing himſelf upon his knees before my uncle *Toby*, begged his father's ſword, and my uncle *Toby*'s leave along with it, to go and try his fortune under *Eugene*.—Twice did my uncle *Toby* forget his wound, and cry out, *Le Fever!* I will go with thee, and thou ſhalt fight beſide me——And twice he laid his hand upon his groin, and hung down his head in ſorrow and diſconſolation.——

My uncle *Toby* took down the ſword from the crook, where it had hung untouched ever ſince the lieutenant's death, and delivered it to the corporal to brighten up;——and having detained *Le Fever* a ſingle fortnight to equip him, and contract for his paſſage to *Leghorn*, —he put the ſword into his hand,—— If thou art brave, *Le Fever*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, this will not fail thee,——

but

but Fortune, ſaid he, (muſing a little) ——Fortune may——And if ſhe does, —added my uncle *Toby*, embracing him, come back again to me, *Le Fever*, and we will ſhape thee another courſe.

The greateſt injury could not have oppreſſed the heart of *Le Fever* more than my uncle *Toby*'s paternal kindneſs;—— he parted from my uncle *Toby*, as the beſt of ſons from the beſt of fathers—— both dropped tears——and as my uncle *Toby* gave him his laſt kiſs, he ſlipped ſixty guineas, tied up in an old purſe of his father's, in which was his mother's ring, into his hand,—and bid God bleſs him.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

LE Fever got up to the Imperial army juſt time enough to try what metal his ſword was made of, at the defeat of the *Turks* before *Belgrade*; but a ſeries of unmerited miſchances had purſued him from that moment, and trod cloſe upon his heels for four years together after: he had withſtood theſe buffetings to the laſt, till ſickneſs overtook him at *Marſeilles*, from whence he wrote my uncle *Toby* word, he had loſt his time, his ſervices, his health, and, in ſhort, every thing but his ſword;—— and was waiting for the firſt ſhip to return back to him.

As this letter came to hand about ſix weeks before *Suſannah*'s accident, *Le Fever*

Fever was hourly expected; and was uppermoſt in my uncle *Toby*'s mind all the time my father was giving him and *Yorick* a deſcription of what kind of a perſon he would chuſe for a preceptor to me: but as my uncle *Toby* thought my father at firſt ſomewhat fanciful in the accompliſhments he required, he forbore mentioning *Le Fever*'s name, ——till the character, by *Yorick*'s interpoſition, ending unexpectedly, in one, who ſhould be gentle tempered, and generous, and good, it impreſſed the image of *Le Fever*, and his intereſt upon my uncle *Toby* ſo forceably, he roſe inſtantly off his chair; and laying down his pipe, in order to take hold of both my father's hands——I beg, brother *Shandy*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, I may recommend poor *Le Fever*'s ſon to you——I beſeech you, do, added *Yorick*——He has a good heart,

heart, ſaid my uncle *Toby*——And a brave one too, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal.

——The beſt hearts, *Trim*, are ever the braveſt, replied my uncle *Toby*. ——And the greateſt cowards, an' pleaſe your honour, in our regiment, were the greateſt raſcals in it.——There was ſerjeant *Kumbur*, and enſign ——.

——We'll talk of them, ſaid my father, another time.

CHAP. XIV.

WHAT a jovial and a merry world would this be, may it pleaſe your worſhips, but for that inextricable labyrinth of debts, cares, woes, want, grief, diſ-

diſcontent, melancholy, large jointures, impoſitions, and lies!

Doctor *Slop*, like a ſon of a w——, as my father called him for it,—to exalt himſelf,—debaſed me to death,—and made ten thouſand times more of *Suſannah*'s accident, than there was any grounds for; ſo that in a week's time, or leſs, it was in every body's mouth, *That poor Maſter Shandy* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * entirely.—And FAME, who loves to double every thing,—in three days more, had ſworn poſitively ſhe ſaw it,—and all the world, as uſual, gave credit to her evidence——"That the nurſery window had not only * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

Could the world have been ſued like a BODY-CORPORATE,—my father had brought an action upon the caſe, and trounced it ſufficiently; but to fall foul of individuals about it——as every ſoul who had mentioned the affair, did it with the greateſt pity imaginable;—— 'twas like flying in the very face of his beſt friends:——And yet to acquieſce under the report, in ſilence—was to acknowledge it openly,—at leaſt in the opinion of one half of the world; and to make a buſtle again, in contradicting it,—was to confirm it as ſtrongly in the opinion of the other half.———

—— Was ever poor devil of a country gentleman ſo hampered? ſaid my father.

I would

I would ſhew him publickly, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, at the market croſs.

——'Twill have no effect, ſaid my father.

CHAP. XV.

——I'll put him, however, into breeches ſaid my father,—let the world ſay what it will.

CHAP. XVI.

THERE are a thouſand reſolutions, Sir, both in church and ſtate, as well as in matters, Madam, of a more private concern;—which, though they have carried all the appearance in the world of being taken, and entered upon in a haſty, hare-brained, and unadviſed manner, were, notwithſtanding this,

(and

(and could you or I have got into the cabinet, or ſtood behind the curtain, we ſhould have found it was ſo) been weighed, poized, and perpended——argued upon——canvaſſed through——entered into, and examined on all ſides with ſo much coolneſs, that the GODDESS of COOLNESS herſelf (I do not take upon me to prove her exiſtence) could neither have wiſhed it, or done it better.

Of the number of theſe was my father's reſolution of putting me into breeches; which, though determined at once,—in a kind of huff, and a defiance of all mankind, had, nevertheleſs, been *pro'd* and *conn'd*, and judicially talked over betwixt him and my mother about a month before, in two ſeveral *beds of juſtice*, which my father had held for that purpoſe. I ſhall explain the

nature of theſe beds of juſtice in my next chapter; and in the chapter following that, you ſhall ſtep with me, Madam, behind the curtain, only to hear in what kind of manner my father and my mother debated between themſelves, this affair of the breeches,—from which you may form an idea, how they debated all leſſer matters.

CHAP. XVII.

THE ancient *Goths* of *Germany*, who (the learned *Cluverius* is poſitive) were firſt ſeated in the country between the *Viſtula* and the *Oder*, and who afterwards incorporated the *Herculi*, the *Bugians*, and ſome other *Vandallick* clans to 'em,—had all of them a wiſe cuſtom of debating every thing of importance

to their ſtate, twice; that is,—once drunk, and once ſober:——Drunk—that their counſels might not want vigour;——and ſober—that they might not want diſcretion.

Now my father being entirely a water-drinker,—was a long time gravelled almoſt to death, in turning this as much to his advantage, as he did every other thing, which the ancients did or ſaid; and it was not till the ſeventh year of his marriage, after a thouſand fruitleſs experiments and devices, that he hit upon an expedient which anſwered the purpoſe;——and that was when any difficult and momentous point was to be ſettled in the family, which required great ſobriety, and great ſpirit too, in its determination,——he fixed and ſet apart the firſt *Sunday* night in the month, and

the *Saturday* night which immediately preceded it, to argue it over, in bed with my mother: By which contrivance, if you conſider, Sir, with yourſelf, * * *

or conjugal; but it is not every author that can try the experiment as the *Goths* and *Vandals* did it —— or if he can, may it be always for his body's health; and to do it, as my father did it,—am I ſure it would be always for his ſoul's.——

My way is this:——

In all nice and tickliſh diſcuſſions,—(of which, heaven knows, there are but too many in my book)—where I find I cannot take a ſtep without the danger of having either their worſhips or their reverences upon my back—— I write one half *full*,—and t'other *faſting*;——or write it all full,—and correct it faſting;——or write it faſting,—and correct it full, for they all come to the ſame thing:——So that with a leſs

variation from my father's plan, than my father's from the *Gothick*——I feel myſelf upon a par with him in his firſt bed of juſtice,——and no way inferior to him in his ſecond.——Theſe different and almoſt irreconcileable effects, flow uniformly from the wiſe and wonderful mechaniſm of nature,—of which,—be her's the honour.——All that we can do, is to turn and work the machine to the improvement and better manufactury of the arts and ſciences.———

Now, when I write full,—I write as if I was never to write faſting again as long as I live;——that is, I write free from the cares, as well as the terrors of the world.——I count not the number of my ſcars,—nor does my fancy go forth into dark entries and bye corners to ante-date my ſtabs.——In a word, my pen takes

takes its courſe; and I write on as much from the fullneſs of my heart, as my ſtomach.——

But when, an' pleaſe your honours, I indite faſting, 'tis a different hiſtory, ——I pay the world all poſſible attention and reſpect,—and have as great a ſhare (whilſt it laſts) of that underſtrapping virtue of diſcretion, as the beſt of you.——So that betwixt both, I write a careleſs kind of a civil, nonſenſical, good humoured *Shandean* book, which will do all your hearts good———

——And all your heads too,—provided you underſtand it.

CHAP. XVIII.

WE ſhould begin, ſaid my father, turning himſelf half round in bed, and ſhifting his pillow a little towards my mother's, as he opened the debate——We ſhould begin to think, Mrs. *Shandy*, of putting this boy into breeches.——

We ſhould ſo,—ſaid my mother.——We defer it, my dear, quoth my father, ſhamefully.———

I think we do, Mr. *Shandy*,—ſaid my mother.

——Not but the child looks extremely well, ſaid my father, in his veſts and tunicks.———

——He

——He does look very well in them, —replied my mother.——

——And for that reaſon it would be almoſt a ſin, added my father, to take him out of 'em.——

——It would ſo,—ſaid my mother: ——But indeed he is growing a very tall lad,—rejoin'd my father.

——He is very tall for his age, indeed,—ſaid my mother.——

——I can not (making two ſyllables of it) imagine, quoth my father, who the duce he takes after.——

I cannot conceive, for my life,—ſaid my mother.——

Humph!

Humph!——ſaid my father.

(The dialogue ceaſed for a moment.)

——I am very ſhort myſelf,—continued my father, gravely.

You are very ſhort, Mr. *Shandy*,—ſaid my mother.

Humph! quoth my father to himſelf, a ſecond time: in muttering which, he plucked his pillow a little further from my mother's,—and turning about again, there was an end of the debate for three minutes and a half.

——When he gets theſe breeches made, cried my father in a higher tone, he'll look like a beaſt in 'em.

He

He will be very aukward in them at firſt, replied my mother.———

——And 'twill be lucky, if that's the worſt on't, added my father.

It will be very lucky, anſwered my mother.

I ſuppoſe, replied my father,—making ſome pauſe firſt,—he'll be exactly like other people's children.———

Exactly, ſaid my mother.———

——Though I ſhould be ſorry for that, added my father: and ſo the debate ſtopped again.

——They ſhould be of leather, ſaid my father, turning him about again.—

They

They will laſt him, ſaid my mother, the longeſt.

But he can have no linings to 'em, replied my father.———

He cannot, ſaid my mother.

'Twere better to have them of fuſtian, quoth my father.

Nothing can be better, quoth my mother.———

——Except dimity,—replied my father:——'Tis beſt of all,—replied my mother.

——One muſt not give him his death, however,—interrupted my father.

By no means, ſaid my mother:—— and ſo the dialogue ſtood ſtill again.

I am reſolved, however, quoth my father, breaking ſilence the fourth time, he ſhall have no pockets in them.——

——There is no occaſion for any, ſaid my mother.———

I mean in his coat and waiſtcoat,—cried my father.

——I mean ſo too,—replied my mother.

——Though if he gets a gig or a top ——Poor ſouls! it is a crown and a ſcepter to them,—they ſhould have where to ſecure it.———

Order it as you pleaſe, Mr. *Shandy*, replied my mother.———

——But

——But don't you think it right? added my father, preſſing the point home to her.

Perfectly, ſaid my mother, if it pleaſes you, Mr. *Shandy*.——

——There's for you! cried my father, loſing temper——Pleaſes me!——You never will diſtinguiſh, Mrs. *Shandy*, nor ſhall I ever teach you to do it, betwixt a point of pleaſure and a point of convenience.——This was on the *Sunday* night;——and further this chapter ſayeth not.

CHAP. XIX.

AFTER my father had debated the affair of the breeches with my mother,——he conſulted *Albertus Rubenius* upon it;

it; and *Albertus Rubenius* uſed my father ten times worſe in the conſultation (if poſſible) than even my father had uſed my mother: For as *Rubenius* had wrote a quarto *expreſs*, *De re Veſtiaria Veterum*,—it was *Rubenius*'s buſineſs to have given my father ſome lights.—On the contrary, my father might as well have thought of extracting the ſeven cardinal virtues out of a long beard,—as of extracting a ſingle word out of *Rubenius* upon the ſubject.

Upon every other article of ancient dreſs, *Rubenius* was very communicative to my father;—gave him a full and ſatisfactory account of

The Toga, or looſe gown.
The Chlamys.
The Ephod.
The Tunica, or Jacket.

The

The Syntheſis.
The Pænula.
The Lacema, with its Cucullus.
The Paludamentum.
The Prætexta.
The Sagum, or ſoldier's jerkin.
The Trabea: of which, according to *Suetonius*, there were three kinds.—

—— But what are all theſe to the breeches? ſaid my father.

Rubenius threw him down upon the counter all kinds of ſhoes which had been in faſhion with the *Romans*.——— There was,

The open ſhoe.
The cloſe ſhoe.
The ſlip ſhoe.
The wooden ſhoe.

The ſoc.

The buſkin.

And The military ſhoe with hob-nails in it, which *Juvenal* takes notice of.

There were, The clogs.

The patins.

The pantoufles.

The brogues.

The ſandals, with latchets to them.

There was, The felt ſhoe.

The linen ſhoe.

The laced ſhoe.

The braided ſhoe.

The calceus inciſus.

And The calceus roſtratus.

Rubenius ſhewed my father how well they all fitted,—in what manner they laced on,—with what points, ſtraps, thongs, lachets, ribands, jaggs, and ends.———

——But I want to be informed about the breeches, ſaid my father.

Albertus Rubenius informed my father that the *Romans* manufactured ſtuffs of various fabricks,——ſome plain,—ſome ſtriped,—others diapered throughout the whole contexture of the wool, with ſilk and gold——That linen did not begin to be in common uſe, till towards the declenſion of the empire, when the *Egyptians* coming to ſettle amongſt them, brought it into vogue.

——That perſons of quality and fortune diſtinguiſhed themſelves by the fineneſs and whiteneſs of their cloaths; which colour (next to purple, which was appropriated to the great offices) they moſt affected and wore on their birth

birth-days and public rejoicings.—— That it appeared from the beſt hiſtorians of thoſe times, that they frequently ſent their cloaths to the fuller, to be cleaned and whitened;—— but that the inferior people, to avoid that expence, generally wore brown cloaths, and of a ſomething coarſer texture,—till towards the beginning of *Auguſtus*'s reign, when the ſlave dreſſed like his maſter, and almoſt every diſtinction of habiliment was loſt, but the *Latus Clavus*.

And what was the *Latus Clavus?* ſaid my father.

Rubenius told him, that the point was ſtill litigating amongſt the learned:—— That *Egnatius*, *Sigonius*, *Boſſius Ticinenſis*, *Bayfius*, *Budæus*, *Salmaſius*, *Lipſius*, *Lazius*, *Iſaac Cauſonbon*, and *Joſeph*

ſeph Scaliger, all differed from each other,—and he from them: That ſome took it to be the button,—ſome the coat itſelf,—others only the colour of it:—That the great *Bayfius*, in his Wardrobe of the ancients, chap. 12.—honeſtly ſaid, he knew not what it was,—whether a tibula,—a ſtud,—a button,—a loop,—a buckle,—or claſps and keepers.———

——My father loſt the horſe, but not the ſaddle——They are *hooks and eyes*, ſaid my father——and with hooks and eyes he ordered my breeches to be made.

CHAP. XX.

WE are now going to enter upon a new ſcene of events.———

——Leave we then the breeches in the taylor's hands, with my father ſtanding

ing over him with his cane, reading him as he ſat at work a lecture upon the *latus clavus*, and pointing to the preciſe part of the waiſtband, where he was determined to have it ſewed on.——

Leave we my mother—(trueſt of all the *Poco-curante's* of her ſex!)—careleſs about it, as about every thing elſe in the world which concerned her; —that is,—indifferent whether it was done this way or that, —provided it was but done at all,——

Leave we *Slop* likewiſe to the full profits of all my diſhonours.———

Leave we poor *Le Fever* to recover, and get home from *Marſeilles* as he can. ——And laſt of all,—becauſe the hardeſt of all——

Let us leave, if poſſible, *myſelf*:—— But 'tis impoſſible,—I muſt go along with you to the end of the work.

CHAP. XXI.

IF the reader has not a clear conception of the rood and the half of ground which lay at the bottom of my uncle *Toby*'s kitchen garden, and which was the ſcene of ſo many of his delicious hours,—the fault is not in me,—but in his imagination;—for I am ſure I gave him ſo minute a deſcription, I was almoſt aſhamed of it.

When FATE was looking forwards one afternoon, into the great tranſactions of future times,—and recollected for what purpoſes, this little plot, by a decree faſt bound down in iron, had been deſtined,

ſtined,—ſhe gave a nod to NATURE—'twas enough—Nature threw half a ſpade full of her kindlieſt compoſt upon it, with juſt ſo *much* clay in it, as to retain the forms of angles and indentings,—and ſo *little* of it too, as not to cling to the ſpade, and render works of ſo much glory, naſty in foul weather.

My uncle *Toby* came down, as the reader has been informed, with plans along with him, of almoſt every fortified town in *Italy* and *Flanders*; ſo let the Duke of *Marlborough*, or the allies, have ſet down before what town they pleaſed, my uncle *Toby* was prepared for them.

His way, which was the ſimpleſt one in the world, was this; as ſoon as ever a town was inveſted—(but ſooner when

the deſign was known) to take the plan of it, (let it be what town it would) and enlarge it upon a ſcale to the exact ſize of his bowling-green; upon the ſurface of which, by means of a large role of packthread, and a number of ſmall piquets driven into the ground, at the ſeveral angles and redans, he transferred the lines from his paper; then taking the profile of the place, with its works, to determine the depths and ſlopes of the ditches,—the talus of the glacis, and the preciſe height of the ſeveral banquets, parapets, &c.—he ſet the corporal to work——and ſweetly went it on:——The nature of the ſoil,—the nature of the work itſelf,—and above all, the good nature of my uncle *Toby* ſitting by from morning to night, and chatting kindly with the corporal upon paſt-

paſt-done deeds,—left LABOUR little elſe but the ceremony of the name.

When the place was finiſhed in this manner, and put into a proper poſture of defence,—it was inveſted,—and my uncle *Toby* and the corporal began to run their firſt parallel.——I beg I may not be interrupted in my ſtory, by being told, *That the firſt parallel ſhould be at leaſt three hundred toiſes diſtant from the main body of the place,—and that I have not left a ſingle inch for it*;——for my uncle *Toby* took the liberty of incroaching upon his kitchen garden, for the ſake of enlarging his works on the bowling green, and for that reaſon generally ran his firſt and ſecond parallels betwixt two rows of his cabbages and his collyflowers; the conveniences and inconveniences of which will be conſi-

dered

dered at large in the hiſtory of my uncle *Toby*'s and the corporal's campaigns, of which, this I'm now writing is but a ſketch, and will be finiſhed, if I conjecture right, in three pages (but there is no gueſſing)——The campaigns themſelves will take up as many books; and therefore I apprehend it would be hanging too great a weight of one kind of matter in ſo flimſy a performance as this, to rhapſodize them, as I once intended, into the body of the work——ſurely they had better be printed apart,——we'll conſider the affair——ſo take the following ſketch of them in the mean time.

CHAP. XXII.

WHEN the town, with its works, was finiſhed, my uncle *Toby* and the corporal began to run their firſt parallel

parallel——not at random, or any how ——but from the ſame points and diſtances the allies had begun to run theirs; and regulating their approaches and attacks, by the accounts my uncle *Toby* received from the daily papers,—they went on, during the whole ſiege, ſtep by ſtep with the allies.

When the duke of *Marlborough* made a lodgment,——my uncle *Toby* made a lodgment too.——And when the face of a baſtion was battered down, or a defence ruined,—the corporal took his mattock and did as much,—and ſo on; ——gaining ground, and making themſelves maſters of the works one after another, till the town fell into their hands.

To

To one who took pleaſure in the happy ſtate of others,—there could not have been a greater ſight in the world, than, on a poſt-morning, in which a practicable breach had been made by the duke of *Marlborough*, in the main body of the place,—to have ſtood behind the horn-beam hedge, and obſerved the ſpirit with which my uncle *Toby*, with *Trim* behind him, ſallied forth ;——the one with the *Gazette* in his hand,—the other with a ſpade on his ſhoulder to execute the contents.——What an honeſt triumph in my uncle *Toby*'s looks as he marched up to the ramparts ! What intenſe pleaſure ſwimming in his eye as he ſtood over the corporal, reading the paragraph ten times over to him, as he was at work, leſt, peradventure, he ſhould make the breach an inch too wide,—or

leave it an inch too narrow——But when the *chamade* was beat, and the corporal helped my uncle up it, and followed with the colours in his hand, to fix them upon the ramparts——Heaven! Earth! Sea!——but what avails apoſtrophes?—— with all your elements, wet or dry, ye never compounded ſo intoxicating a draught.

In this track of happineſs for many years, without one interruption to it, except now and then when the wind continued to blow due weſt for a week or ten days together, which detained the *Flanders* mail, and kept them ſo long in torture,—but ſtill 'twas the torture of the happy——In this track, I ſay, did my uncle *Toby* and *Trim* move for many years, every year of which, and ſometimes every month, from the invention of

of either the one or the other of them, adding ſome new conceit or quirk of improvement to their operations, which always opened freſh ſprings of delight in carrying them on.

The firſt year's campaign was carried on from beginning to end, in the plain and ſimple method I've related.

In the ſecond year, in which my uncle *Toby* took *Liege* and *Ruremond*, he thought he might afford the expence of four handſome draw-bridges, two of which I have given an exact deſcription, in the former part of my work.

At the latter end of the ſame year he added a couple of gates with portculliſes:——Theſe laſt were converted afterwards in orgues, as the better thing; and

and during the winter of the ſame year, my uncle *Toby*, inſtead of a new ſuit of cloaths, which he always had at *Chriſtmas*, treated himſelf with a handſome ſentry-box, to ſtand at the corner of the bowling-green, betwixt which point and the foot of the glacis, there was left a little kind of an eſplanade for him and the corporal to confer and hold councils of war upon.

——The ſentry-box was in caſe of rain.

All theſe were painted white three times over the enſuing ſpring, which enabled my uncle *Toby* to take the field with great ſplendour.

My father would often ſay to *Yorick*, that if any mortal in the whole univerſe had

had done ſuch a thing, except his brother *Toby*, it would have been looked upon by the world as one of the moſt refined ſatyrs upon the parade and prancing manner, in which *Lewis* XIV. from the beginning of the war, but particularly that very year, had taken the field ——But 'tis not my brother *Toby*'s nature, kind ſoul! my father would add, to inſult any one.

——But let us go on.

CHAP. XXIII.

I Muſt obſerve, that although in the firſt year's campaign, the word *town* is often mentioned,—yet there was no town at that time within the polygon; that addition was not made till the ſummer following the ſpring in which the bridges and ſentry-box were painted, which

which was the third year of my uncle *Toby*'s campaigns,—when upon his taking *Amberg*, *Bonn*, and *Rhinberg*, and *Huy* and *Limbourg*, one after another, a thought came into the corporal's head, that to talk of taking ſo many towns, *without one* TOWN *to ſhow for it*,—was a very nonſenſical way of going to work, and ſo propoſed to my uncle *Toby*, that they ſhould have a little model of a town built for them,—to be run up together of ſlit deals, and then painted, and clapped within the interior polygon to ſerve for all.

My uncle *Toby* felt the good of the project inſtantly, and inſtantly agreed to it, but with the addition of two ſingular improvements, of which he was almoſt as proud, as if he had been the original inventor of the project itſelf.

The one was to have the town built exactly in the ſtile of thoſe, of which it was moſt likely to be the repreſentative: ——with grated windows, and the gable ends of the houſes, facing the ſtreets, &c. &c.—as thoſe in *Ghent* and *Bruges*, and the reſt of the towns in *Brabant* and *Flanders*.

The other was, not to have the houſes run up together, as the corporal propoſed, but to have every houſe independant, to hook on, or off, ſo as form into the plan of whatever town they pleaſed. This was put directly into hand, and many and many a look of mutual congratulation was exchanged between my uncle *Toby* and the corporal, as the carpenter did the work.

——It anſwered prodigiouſly the next ſummer——the town was a perfect *Proteus*——It was *Landen*, and *Trerebach*, and *Santvliet*, and *Druſen*, and *Hagenau*, —and then it was *Oſtend* and *Menin*, and *Aeth* and *Dendermond*.——

——Surely never did any TOWN act ſo many parts, ſince *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*, as my uncle *Toby*'s town did.

In the fourth year, my uncle *Toby* thinking a town looked fooliſhly without a church, added a very fine one with a ſteeple.——*Trim* was for having bells in it;——my uncle *Toby* ſaid, the mettle had better be caſt into cannon.

This led the way the next campaign for half a dozen braſs field pieces,—to be

planted three and three on each ſide of my uncle *Toby*'s ſentry-box; and in a ſhort time, theſe led the way for a train of ſomewhat larger,—and ſo on—(as muſt always be the caſe in hobby-horſical affairs) from pieces of half an inch bore, till it came at laſt to my father's jack boots.

The next year, which was that in which *Liſle* was beſieged, and at the cloſe of which both *Ghent* and *Bruges* fell into our hands,—my uncle *Toby* was ſadly put to it for *proper* ammunition;——I ſay proper ammunition——becauſe his great artillery would not bear powder; and 'twas well for the *Shandy* family they would not——For ſo full were the papers, from the beginning to the end of the ſiege, of the inceſſant firings kept up by the beſiegers,——and ſo heated was my uncle *Toby*'s imagination

tion with the accounts of them, that he had infallibly ſhot away all his eſtate.

SOMETHING therefore was wanting, as a *ſuccedaneum*, eſpecially in one or two of the more violent paroxyſms of the ſiege, to keep up ſomething like a continual firing in the imagination,—— and this *ſomething*, the corporal, whoſe principal ſtrength lay in invention, ſupplied by an entire new ſyſtem of battering of his own,—without which, this had been objected to by military critics, to the end of the world, as one of the great *deſiderata* of my uncle *Toby*'s apparatus.

This will not be explained the worſe, for ſetting off, as I generally do, at a little diſtance from the ſubject.

CHAP. XXIV.

WITH two or three other trinkets, ſmall in themſelves, but of great regard, which poor *Tom*, the corporal's unfortunate brother, had ſent him over, with the account of his marriage with the *Jew*'s widow——there was

A *Montero*-cap and two *Turkiſh* tobacco pipes.

The *Montero*-cap I ſhall deſcribe by and bye.——The *Turkiſh* tobacco pipes had nothing particular in them, they were fitted up and ornamented as uſual, with flexible tubes of *Morocco* leather and gold wire, and mounted at their ends, the one of them with ivory,—the other with black ebony, tipp'd with ſilver.

My

My father, who ſaw all things in lights different from the reſt of the world, would ſay to the corporal, that he ought to look upon theſe two preſents more as tokens of his brother's nicety, than his affection.——*Tom* did not care, *Trim*, he would ſay, to put on the cap, or to ſmoak in the tobacco-pipe of a *Jew*. ——God bleſs your honour, the corporal would ſay, (giving a ſtrong reaſon to the contrary)—how can that be.——

The Montero-cap was ſcarlet, of a ſuperfine *Spaniſh* cloth, died in grain, and mounted all round with furr, except about four inches in the front, which was faced with a light blue, ſlightly embroidered,—and ſeemed to have been the property of a *Portugueſe* quarter-

maſter, not of foot, but of horſe, as the word denotes.

The corporal was not a little proud of it, as well for its own ſake, as the ſake of the giver, ſo ſeldom or never put it on but upon GALA-days; and yet never was a Montero-cap put to ſo many uſes; for in all controverted points, whether military or culinary, provided the corporal was ſure he was in the right, —it was either his *oath*,—his *wager*,— or his *gift*.

——'Twas his gift in the preſent caſe.

I'll be bound, ſaid the corporal, ſpeaking to himſelf, to *give* away my Montero-cap to the firſt beggar who comes to the door, if I do not manage this matter to his honour's ſatisfaction.

The

The completion was no further off, than the very next morning; which was that of the ſtorm of the counterſcarp betwixt the *Lower Deule*, to the right, and the gate St. *Andrew*,—and on the left, between St. *Magdalen*'s and the river.

As this was the moſt memorable attack in the whole war,—the moſt gallant and obſtinate on both ſides,—and I muſt add the moſt bloody too, for it coſt the allies themſelves that morning above eleven hundred men,—my uncle *Toby* prepared himſelf for it with a more than ordinary ſolemnity.

The eve which preceded, as my uncle *Toby* went to bed, he ordered his ramallie wig, which had laid inſide out for many years in the corner of an old campaigning trunk, which ſtood by his bed-

bedſide, to be taken out and laid upon the lid of it, ready for the morning;—and the very firſt thing he did in his ſhirt, when he had ſtepped out of bed, my uncle *Toby*, after he had turned the rough ſide outwards,—put it on:——This done, he proceeded next to his breeches, and having buttoned the waiſt-band, he forthwith buckled on his ſword belt, and had got his ſword half way in,—when he conſidered he ſhould want ſhaving, and that it would be very inconvenient doing it with his ſword on,—ſo took it off:——In aſſaying to put on his regimental coat and waiſtcoat, my uncle *Toby* found the ſame objection in his wig,—ſo that went off too:—So that what with one thing, and what with another, as always falls out when a man is in the moſt haſte,—'twas ten o'clock, which was half an hour later than his

uſual

uſual time, before my uncle *Toby* ſallied out.

CHAP. XXV.

MY uncle *Toby* had ſcarce turned the corner of his yew hedge, which ſeparated his kitchen garden from his bowling green, when he perceived the corporal had began the attack without him.——

Let me ſtop and give you a picture of the corporal's apparatus; and of the corporal himſelf in the height of this attack juſt as it ſtruck my uncle *Toby*, as he turned towards the ſentry box, where the corporal was at work,——for in nature there is not ſuch another,—— nor can any combination of all that is groteſque and whimſical in her works produce its equal.

The corporal ——

——Tread

——Tread lightly on his aſhes, ye men of genius,——for he was your kinſman:

Weed his grave clean, ye men of goodneſs,—for he was your brother.—Oh corporal! had I thee, but now,—now, that I am able to give thee a dinner and protection,—how would I cheriſh thee! thou ſhould'ſt wear thy Montero-cap every hour of the day, and every day of the week,—and when it was worn out, I would purchaſe thee a couple like it:——But alas! alas! alas! now that I can do this, in ſpight of their reverences—the occaſion is loſt—for thou art gone;—thy genius fled up to the ſtars from whence it came;—and that warm heart of thine, with all its generous and open veſſels, compreſſed into a *clod of the valley!*

——But

——But what——what is this, to that future and dreaded page, where I look towards the velvet pall, decorated with the military enſigns of thy maſter—the firſt—the foremoſt of created beings; ——where, I ſhall ſee thee, faithful ſervant! laying his ſword and ſcabbard with a trembling hand acroſs his coffin, and then returning pale as aſhes to the door, to take his mourning horſe by the bridle, to follow his hearſe, as he directed thee; ——where—all my father's ſyſtems ſhall be baffled by his ſorrows; and, in ſpight of his philoſophy, I ſhall behold him, as he inſpects the lackered plate, twice taking his ſpectacles from off his noſe, to wipe away the dew which nature has ſhed upon them——When I ſee him caſt in the roſemary with an air of diſconſolation, which cries through my ears, ——O *Toby!* in what corner of the world ſhall I ſeek thy fellow?

——Gra-

—— Gracious powers! which erſt have opened the lips of the dumb in his diſtreſs, and made the tongue of the ſtammerer ſpeak plain——when I ſhall arrive at this dreaded page, deal not with me, then, with a ſtinted hand.

CHAP. XXVI.

THE corporal, who the night before had reſolved in his mind, to ſupply the grand *deſideratum*, of keeping up ſomething like an inceſſant firing upon the enemy during the heat of the attack,—had no further idea in his fancy at that time, than a contrivance of ſmoaking tobacco againſt the town, out of one of my uncle *Toby*'s ſix field pieces, which were planted on each ſide of his ſentry-box; the means of effecting which occurring to his fancy at the ſame time, though he had pledged his cap, he thought

thought it in no danger from the miſcarriage of his projects.

Upon turning it this way, and that, a little in his mind, he ſoon began to find out, that by means of his two *Turkiſh* tobacco-pipes, with the ſupplement of three ſmaller tubes of waſh-leather at each of their lower ends, to be tagg'd by the ſame number of tin pipes fitted to the touch holes, and ſealed with clay next the cannon, and then tied hermetically with waxed ſilk at their ſeveral inſertions into the *Morocco* tube,—he ſhould be able to fire the ſix field pieces all together, and with the ſame eaſe as to fire one.———

——Let no man ſay from what taggs and jaggs hints may not be cut out for the advancement of human knowlege. Let no man who has read my father's firſt and ſecond *beds of juſtice*, ever riſe up and ſay again, from colliſion of what kinds

kinds of bodies, light may, or may not be ſtruck out, to carry the arts and ſciences up to perfection.—— Heaven! thou knoweſt how I love them;——thou knoweſt the ſecrets of my heart, and that I would this moment give my ſhirt ——Thou art a fool, *Shandy*, ſays *Eugenius*,—for thou haſt but a dozen in the world,—and 'twill break thy ſet.——

No matter for that, *Eugenius*; I would give the ſhirt off my back to be burnt into tinder, were it only to ſatisfy one feveriſh enquirer, how many ſparks at one good ſtroke, a good flint and ſteel could ſtrike into the tail of it.—— Think ye not that in ſtriking theſe *in*,—he might, peradventure, ſtrike ſomething *out?* as ſure as a gun.——

—— But this project, by the bye.

The corporal ſat up the beſt part of the night in bringing *his* to perfection; and

and having made a ſufficient proof of his cannon, with charging them to the top with tobacco,—he went with contentment to bed.

CHAP. XXVII.

THE corporal had ſlipped out about ten minutes before my uncle *Toby*, in order to fix his apparatus, and juſt give the enemy a ſhot or two before my uncle *Toby* came.

He had drawn the ſix field-pieces for this end, all cloſe up together in front of my uncle *Toby's* ſentry-box, leaving only an interval of about a yard and a half betwixt the three, on the right and left, for the convenience of charging, &c.—and the ſake poſſibly of two batteries, which he might think double the honour of one.

In the rear, and facing this opening, with his back to the door of the ſentry-

box, for fear of being flanked, had the corporal wiſely taken his poſt:——He held the ivory pipe, appertaining to the battery on the right, betwixt the finger and thumb of his right hand,—and the ebony pipe tipp'd with ſilver, which appertained to the battery on the left, betwixt the finger and thumb of the other ——and with his right knee fixed firm upon the ground, as if in the front rank of his platoon, was the corporal, with his montero-cap upon his head, furiouſly playing off his two croſs batteries at the ſame time againſt the counterguard, which faced the counterſcarp, where the attack was to be made that morning. His firſt intention, as I ſaid, was no more than giving the enemy a ſingle puff or two;—but the pleaſure of the *puffs*, as well as the *puffing*, had inſenſibly got hold of the corporal, and drawn him on from puff to puff, into the very height

of

of the attack, by the time my uncle *Toby* joined him.

'Twas well for my father, that my uncle *Toby* had not his will to make that day.

CHAP. XXVIII.

MY uncle *Toby* took the ivory pipe out of the corporal's hand,—looked at it for half a minute, and returned it.

In leſs than two minutes my uncle *Toby* took the pipe from the corporal again, and raiſed it half way to his mouth ——then haſtily gave it back a ſecond time.

The corporal redoubled the attack, ——my uncle *Toby* ſmiled,——then looked grave,——then ſmiled for a moment,——then looked ſerious for a long

time;——Give me hold of the ivory pipe, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*——my uncle *Toby* put it to his lips,——drew it back directly,——gave a peep over the horn-beam hedge;——never did my uncle *Toby*'s mouth water ſo much for a pipe in his life.——My uncle *Toby* retired into the ſentry-box with the pipe in his hand.——

——Dear uncle *Toby!* don't go into the ſentry-box with the pipe,—there's no truſting a man's ſelf with ſuch a thing in ſuch a corner.

CHAP. XXIX.

I Beg the reader will aſſiſt me here, to wheel off my uncle *Toby*'s ordnance behind the ſcenes,——to remove his ſentry-box, and clear the theatre, *if poſſible*, of horn-works and half moons, and get the reſt of his military apparatus out of the way;——that done,

my

my dear friend *Garrick*, we'll ſnuff the candles bright,—ſweep the ſtage with a new broom,—draw up the curtain, and exhibit my uncle *Toby* dreſſed in a new character, throughout which the world can have no idea how he will act: and yet, if pity be akin to love,—and bravery no alien to it, you have ſeen enough of my uncle *Toby* in theſe, to trace theſe family likeneſſes, betwixt the two paſſions (in caſe there is one) to your heart's content.

Vain ſcience! thou aſſiſts us in no caſe of this kind—and thou puzzleſt us in every one.

There was, Madam, in my uncle *Toby*, a ſingleneſs of heart which miſled him ſo far out of the little ſerpentine tracks in which things of this nature uſually go on; you can—you can have no conception of it: with this, there

was a plainneſs and ſimplicity of thinking, with ſuch an unmiſtruſting ignorance of the plies and foldings of the heart of woman;——and ſo naked and defenceleſs did he ſtand before you, (when a ſiege was out of his head) that you might have ſtood behind any one of your ſerpentine walks, and ſhot my uncle *Toby* ten times in a day, through his liver, if nine times in a day, Madam, had not ſerved your purpoſe.

With all this, Madam,—and what confounded every thing as much on the other hand, my uncle *Toby* had that unparalleled modeſty of nature I once told you of, and which, by the bye, ſtood eternal ſentry upon his feelings, that you might as ſoon——But where am I going? theſe reflections croud in upon me ten pages at leaſt too ſoon, and take up that time, which I ought to beſtow upon facts.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

OF the few legitimate ſons of *Adam*, whoſe breaſts never felt what the ſting of love was,—(maintaining firſt, all myſogyniſts to be baſtards)—the greateſt heroes of ancient and modern ſtory have carried off amongſt them, nine parts in ten of the honour; and I wiſh for their ſakes I had the key of my ſtudy out of my draw-well, only for five minutes, to tell you their names—recollect them I cannot—ſo be content to accept of theſe, for the preſent, in their ſtead.———

There was the great king *Aldrovandus*, and *Boſphorus*, and *Capadocius*, and *Dardanus*, and *Pontus*, and *Aſius*,——to ſay nothing of the iron-hearted *Charles* the XIIth, whom the Counteſs of K***** herſelf could make nothing of.——

There was *Babylonicus*, and *Mediterraneus*, and *Polixenes*, and *Perſicus*, and *Pruſicus*, not one of whom (except *Capadocius* and *Pontus*, who were both a little ſuſpected) ever once bowed down his breaſt to the goddeſs——The truth is, they had all of them ſomething elſe to do—and ſo had my uncle *Toby*—till Fate—till Fate I ſay, envying his name the glory of being handed down to poſterity with *Aldrovandus*'s and the reſt,—ſhe baſely patched up the peace of *Utrecht*.

—— Believe me, Sirs, 'twas the worſt deed ſhe did that year.

CHAP. XXXI.

AMONGST the many ill conſequences of the treaty of *Utrecht*, it was within a point of giving my uncle *Toby* a ſurfeit of ſieges; and though he recovered his appetite afterwards, yet

Calais

Calais itſelf left not a deeper ſcar in *Mary*'s heart, than *Utrecht* upon my uncle *Toby*'s. To the end of his life he never could hear *Utrecht* mentioned upon any account whatever,—or ſo much as read an article of news extracted out of the *Utrecht Gazette*, without fetching a ſigh, as if his heart would break in twain.

My father, who was a great MOTIVE-MONGER, and conſequently a very dangerous perſon for a man to ſit by, either laughing or crying,—for he generally knew your motive for doing both, much better than you knew it yourſelf—would always conſole my uncle *Toby* upon theſe occaſions, in a way, which ſhewed plainly, he imagined my uncle *Toby* grieved for nothing in the whole affair, ſo much as the loſs of his *hobby-horſe*. ——Never mind, brother *Toby*, he would ſay,—by God's bleſſing we ſhall have

have another war break out again ſome of theſe days; and when it does,—the belligerent powers, if they would hang themſelves, cannot keep us out of play. ——I defy 'em, my dear *Toby*, he would add, to take countries without taking towns,——or towns without ſieges.

My uncle *Toby* never took this back-ſtroke of my father's at his hobby horſe kindly.——He thought the ſtroke ungenerous; and the more ſo, becauſe in ſtriking the horſe, he hit the rider too, and in the moſt diſhonourable part a blow could fall; ſo that upon theſe occaſions, he always laid down his pipe upon the table with more fire to defend himſelf than common.

I told the reader, this time two years, that my uncle *Toby* was not eloquent; and in the very ſame page gave an inſtance to the contrary:——I repeat the obſervation, and a fact which contradicts

it

it again.—He was not eloquent,—it was not eaſy to my uncle *Toby* to make long harangues,—and he hated florid ones; but there were occaſions where the ſtream overflowed the man, and ran ſo counter to its uſual courſe, that in ſome parts my uncle *Toby*, for a time, was at leaſt equal to *Tertullus*——but in others, in my own opinion, infinitely above him.

My father was ſo highly pleaſed with one of theſe apologetical orations of my uncle *Toby*'s, which he had delivered one evening before him and *Yorick*, that he wrote it down before he went to bed.

I have had the good fortune to meet with it amongſt my father's papers, with here and there an inſertion of his own, betwixt two crooks, thus [ ], and is endorſed,

My

My brother TOBY*'s juſtification of his own principles and conduct in wiſhing to continue the war.*

I may ſafely ſay, I have read over this apologetical oration of my uncle *Toby*'s a hundred times, and think it ſo fine a model of defence,—and ſhews ſo ſweet a temperament of gallantry and good principles in him, that I give it the world, word for word, (interlineations and all) as I find it.

CHAP. XXXII.

My uncle TOBY*'s apologetical oration.*

I Am not inſenſible, brother *Shandy*, that when a man, whoſe profeſſion is arms, wiſhes, as I have done, for war,—it has an ill aſpect to the world; ——and that, how juſt and right ſoever his motives and intentions may be,—he ſtands in an uneaſy poſture in vindicating himſelf from private views in doing it.

For

For this cauſe, if a ſoldier is a prudent man, which he may be, without being a jot the leſs brave, he will be ſure not to utter his wiſh in the hearing of an enemy; for ſay what he will, an enemy will not believe him.——He will be cautious of doing it even to a friend,—leſt he may ſuffer in his eſteem:——But if his heart is overcharged, and a ſecret ſigh for arms muſt have its vent, he will reſerve it for the ear of a brother, who knows his character to the bottom, and what his true notions, diſpoſitions, and principles of honour are: What, I *hope*, I have been in all theſe, brother *Shandy*, would be unbecoming in me to ſay:——much worſe, I know, have I been than I ought, — and ſomething worſe, perhaps, than I think: But ſuch as I am, you, my dear brother *Shandy*, who have ſucked the ſame breaſts with me, — and with whom I have been brought

brought up from my cradle,—and from whoſe knowlege, from the firſt hours of our boyiſh paſtimes, down to this, I have concealed no one action of my life, and ſcarce a thought in it ——Such as I am, brother, you muſt by this time know me, with all my vices, and with all my weakneſſes too, whether of my age, my temper, my paſſions, or my underſtanding.

Tell me then, my dear brother *Shandy*, upon which of them it is, that when I condemned the peace of *Utrecht*, and grieved the war was not carried on with vigour a little longer, you ſhould think your brother did it upon unworthy views; or that in wiſhing for war, he ſhould be bad enough to wiſh more of his fellow creatures ſlain,—more ſlaves made, and more families driven from their peaceful habitations, merely for his own pleaſure: ——Tell me, brother *Shandy*,

Shandy, upon what one deed of mine do you ground it? [*The devil a deed do I know of, dear* Toby, *but one for a hundred pounds, which I lent thee to carry on theſe curſed ſieges.*]

If, when I was a ſchool-boy, I could not hear a drum beat, but my heart beat with it—was it my fault?——Did I plant the propenſity there?—— did I ſound the alarm within, or Nature?

When *Guy*, Earl of *Warwick*, and *Pariſmus* and *Pariſmenus*, and *Valentine* and *Orſon*, and the *Seven Champions of England* were handed around the ſchool, —were they not all purchaſed with my own pocket money? Was that ſelfiſh, brother *Shandy?* When we read over the ſiege of *Troy*, which laſted ten years and eight months,——though with ſuch a train of artillery as we had at *Namur*, the town might have been carried in a

week—was I not as much concerned for the deſtruction of the *Greeks* and *Trojans* as any boy of the whole ſchool? Had I not three ſtrokes of a ferula given me, two on my right hand and one on my left, for calling *Helena* a bitch for it? Did any one of you ſhed more tears for *Hector?* And when king *Priam* came to the camp to beg his body, and returned weeping back to *Troy* without it,—you know, brother, I could not eat my dinner.———

——Did that beſpeak me cruel? Or becauſe, brother *Shandy*, my blood flew out into the camp, and my heart panted for war,—was it a proof it could not ache for the diſtreſſes of war too?

O brother! 'tis one thing for a ſoldier to gather laurels,—and 'tis another to ſcatter cypreſs.——[*Who told thee, my*

my dear Toby, *that cypreſs was uſed by the ancients on mournful occaſions?*]

——'Tis one thing, brother *Shandy*, for a ſoldier to hazard his own life—to leap firſt down into the trench, where he is ſure to be cut in pieces:——'Tis one thing, from public ſpirit and a thirſt of glory, to enter the breach the firſt man, —to ſtand in the foremoſt rank, and march bravely on with drums and trumpets, and colours flying about his ears: ——'Tis one thing, I ſay, brother *Shandy*, to do this—and 'tis another thing to reflect on the miſeries of war; —to view the deſolations of whole countries, and conſider the intolerable fatigues and hardſhips which the ſoldier himſelf, the inſtrument who works them, is forced (for ſix-pence a day, if he can get it) to undergo.

Need I be told, dear *Yorick*, as I was by you, in *Le Fever*'s funeral ſermon,

mon, *That ſo ſoft and gentle a creature, born to love, to mercy, and kindneſs, as man is, was not ſhaped for this?*——But why did you not add, *Yorick*,—if not by NATURE—that he is ſo by NECESSITY?——For what is war? what is it, *Yorick*, when fought as ours has been, upon principles of *liberty*, and upon principles of *honour*——what is it, but the getting together of quiet and harmleſs people, with their ſwords in their hands, to keep the ambitious and the turbulent within bounds? And heaven is my witneſs, brother *Shandy*, that the pleaſure I have taken in theſe things,—and that infinite delight, in particular, which has attended my ſieges in my bowling green, has aroſe within me, and I hope in the corporal too, from the conſciouſneſs we both had, that in carrying them on, we were anſwering the great ends of our creation.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIII.

I Told the Chriſtian reader——I ſay *Chriſtian*——hoping he is one——and if he is not, I am ſorry for it——and only beg he will conſider the matter with himſelf, and not lay the blame entirely upon this book,——

I told him, Sir——for in good truth, when a man is telling a ſtory in the ſtrange way I do mine, he is obliged continually to be going backwards and forwards to keep all tight together in the reader's fancy —— which, for my own part, if I did not take heed to do more than at firſt, there is ſo much unfixed and equivocal matter ſtarting up, with ſo many breaks and gaps in it,—and ſo little ſervice do the ſtars afford, which, nevertheleſs, I hang up in ſome of the darkeſt paſſages, knowing that the

world is apt to loſe its way, with all the lights the ſun itſelf at noon day can give it——and now, you ſee, I am loſt myſelf!——

——But 'tis my father's fault; and whenever my brains come to be diſſected, you will perceive, without ſpectacles, that he has left a large uneven thread, as you ſometimes ſee in an unſaleable piece of cambrick, running along the whole length of the web, and ſo untowardly, you cannot ſo much as cut out a * *, (here I hang up a couple of lights again) ——or a fillet, or a thumb-ſtall, but it is ſeen or felt.——

Quanto id diligentias in liberis procreandis cavendum, ſayeth *Cardan*. All which being conſidered, and that you ſee 'tis morally impracticable for me to wind this round to where I ſet out——

I begin the chapter over again.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

I Told the Chriſtian reader in the beginning of the chapter which preceded my uncle *Toby*'s apologetical oration,—though in a different trope from what I ſhall make uſe of now, That the peace of *Utrecht* was within an ace of creating the ſame ſhyneſs betwixt my uncle *Toby* and his hobby-horſe, as it did betwixt the queen and the reſt of the confederating powers.

There is an indignant way in which a man ſometimes diſmounts his horſe, which as good as ſays to him, "I'll go "afoot, Sir, all the days of my life, "before I would ride a ſingle mile upon "your back again." Now my uncle *Toby* could not be ſaid to diſmount his horſe in this manner; for in ſtrictneſs of language, he could not be ſaid to diſ-

mount his horſe at all——his horſe rather flung him——and ſomewhat *viciouſly*, which made my uncle *Toby* take it ten times more unkindly. Let this matter be ſettled by ſtate jockies as they like.——It created, I ſay, a ſort of ſhyneſs betwixt my uncle *Toby* and his hobby-horſe.——He had no occaſion for him from the month of *March* to *November*, which was the ſummer after the articles were ſigned, except it was now and then to take a ſhort ride out, juſt to ſee that the fortifications and harbour of *Dunkirk* were demoliſhed, according to ſtipulation.

The *French* were ſo backwards all that ſummer in ſetting about that affair, and Monſieur *Tugghe*, the deputy from the magiſtrates of *Dunkirk*, preſented ſo many affecting petitions to the queen,—beſeeching her majeſty to cauſe only her thunderbolts to fall upon the martial works, which might

might have incurred her diſpleaſure,—but to ſpare—to ſpare the mole, for the mole's ſake; which, in its naked ſituation, could be no more than an object of pity —— and the queen (who was but a woman) being of a pitiful diſpoſition,—and her miniſters alſo, they not wiſhing in their hearts to have the town diſmantled, for theſe private reaſons, * * *

him to ſet about it.——Fatal interval of inactivity!

The corporal was for beginning the demolition, by making a breach in the ramparts, or main fortifications of the town——No,—that will never do, corporal, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, for in going that way to work with the town, the *Engliſh* garriſon will not be ſafe in it an hour; becauſe if the *French* are treacherous——They are as treacherous as devils, an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal——It gives me concern always when I hear it, *Trim*, ſaid my uncle *Toby*,—for they don't want perſonal bravery; and if a breach is made in the ramparts, they may enter it, and make themſelves maſters of the place when they pleaſe:——Let them enter it, ſaid the corporal, lifting up his pioneer's ſpade in both his hands, as if he was going to lay about him with it,—let them enter, an' pleaſe your honour, if they

they dare.——In caſes like this, corporal, ſaid my uncle *Toby*, ſlipping his right hand down to the middle of his cane, and holding it afterwards truncheon-wiſe, with his forefinger extended, ——'tis no part of the conſideration of a commandant, what the enemy dare,—or what they dare not do; he muſt act with prudence. We will begin with the outworks both towards the ſea and the land, and particularly with fort *Louis*, the moſt diſtant of them all, and demoliſh it firſt,—and the reſt, one by one, both on our right and left, as we retreat towards the town;——then we'll demoliſh the mole,—next fill up the harbour,—then retire into the citadel, and blow it up into the air; and having done that, corporal, we'll embark for *England*.——We are there, quoth the corporal, recollecting himſelf——Very true, ſaid my uncle *Toby*—looking at the church.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXV.

A Deluſive, delicious conſultation or two of this kind, betwixt my uncle *Toby* and *Trim*, upon the demolition of *Dunkirk*,—for a moment rallied back the ideas of thoſe pleaſures, which were ſlipping from under him:——ſtill—ſtill all went on heavily——the magic left the mind the weaker—STILLNESS, with SILENCE at her back, entered the ſolitary parlour, and drew their gauzy mantle over my uncle *Toby*'s head;—— and LISTLESSNESS, with her lax fibre and undirected eye, ſat quietly down beſide him in his arm chair.——No longer *Amberg*, and *Rhinberg*, and *Limbourg*, and *Huy*, and *Bonn*, in one year,—and the proſpect of *Landen*, and *Trerebach*, and *Druſen*, and *Dendermond*, the next,—hurried on the blood:—No longer did ſaps, and mines, and blinds, and gabions, and paliſadoes, keep

keep out this fair enemy of man's repoſe: —— No more could my uncle *Toby*, after paſſing the *French* lines, as he eat his egg at ſupper, from thence break into the heart of *France*,—croſs over the *Oyes*, and with all *Picardie* open behind him, march up to the gates of *Paris*, and fall aſleep with nothing but ideas of glory:——No more was he to dream, he had fixed the royal ſtandard upon the tower of the *Baſtile*, and awake with it ſtreaming in his head.

——Softer viſions,—gentler vibrations ſtole ſweetly in upon his ſlumbers;—the trumpet of war fell out of his hands,—he took up the lute, ſweet inſtrument! of all others the moſt delicate! the moſt difficult!——how wilt thou touch it, my dear uncle *Toby*?

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVI.

NOW, becauſe I have once or twice ſaid, in my inconſiderate way of talking, That I was confident the following memoirs of my uncle *Toby*'s courtſhip of widow *Wadman*, whenever I got time to write them, would turn out one of the moſt compleat ſyſtems, both of the elementary and practical part of love and love-making, that ever was addreſſed to the world——are you to imagine from thence, that I ſhall ſet out with a deſcription of *what love is?* whether part God and part Devil, as *Plotinus* will have it——

——Or by a more critical equation, and ſuppoſing the whole of love to be as ten——to determine, with *Ficinus*, "*How many parts of it—the one,—and*

"*how*

" *how many the other* ;"—or whether it is *all of it one great Devil*, from head to tail, as *Plato* has taken upon him to pronounce; concerning which conceit of his, I ſhall not offer my opinion: —but my opinion of *Plato* is this; that he appears, from this inſtance, to have been a man of much the ſame temper and way of reaſoning with doctor *Baynyard*, who being a great enemy to bliſters, as imagining that half a dozen of 'em on at once, would draw a man as ſurely to his grave, as a herſe and ſix—raſhly concluded, that the Devil himſelf was nothing in the world, but one great bouncing *Cantharidis*.———

I have nothing to ſay to people who allow themſelves this monſtrous liberty in arguing, but what *Nazianzen* cried out *(that is polemically)* to *Philagrius*——

"Ευγε!" *O rare! 'tis fine reaſoning, Sir, indeed!*—" ὅτι φιλοσοφεῖς ἐν Πάθεσι"

and

—and moſt nobly do you aim at truth, when you philoſophize about it in your moods and paſſions.

Nor is it to be imagined, for the ſame reaſon, I ſhould ſtop to enquire, whether love is a diſeaſe,——or embroil myſelf with *Rhaſis* and *Dioſcorides*, whether the ſeat of it is in the brain or liver;—becauſe this would lead me on, to an examination of the two very oppoſite manners, in which patients have been treated——the one, of *Aætius*, who always begun with a cooling glyſter of hempſeed and bruiſed cucumbers;—and followed on with thin potations of water lillies and purſlane—to which he added a pinch of ſnuff, of the herb *Hanea*;—and where *Aætius* durſt venture it,—his topaz-ring.

——The other, that of *Gordonius*, who (in his cap. 15. *de Amore*) directs

they

they ſhould be thraſhed, "*ad putorem uſque*,"——till they ſtink again.

Theſe are diſquiſitions, which my father, who had laid in a great ſtock of knowledge of this kind, will be very buſy with, in the progreſs of my uncle *Toby*'s affairs: I muſt anticipate thus much, That from his theories of love, (with which, by the way, he contrived to crucify my uncle *Toby*'s mind, almoſt as much as his amours themſelves)—he took a ſingle ſtep into practice;—and by means of a camphorated cerecloth, which he found means to impoſe upon the taylor for buckram, whilſt he was making my uncle *Toby* a new pair of breeches, he produced *Gordonius*'s effect upon my uncle *Toby* without the diſgrace.

What changes this produced, will be read in its proper place: all that is need-

ful to be added to the anecdote, is this, ——That whatever effect it had upon my uncle *Toby*,——it had a vile effect upon the houſe;——and if my uncle *Toby* had not ſmoaked it down as he did, it might have had a vile effect upon my father too.

CHAP. XXXVII.

——'TWILL come out of itſelf by and bye.——All I contend for is, that I am not *obliged* to ſet out with a definition of what love is; and ſo long as I can go on with my ſtory intelligibly, with the help of the word itſelf, without any other idea to it, than what I have in common with the reſt of the world, why ſhould I differ from it a moment before the time?——When I

can

can get on no further,—and find myſelf entangled on all ſides of this myſtick labyrinth,—my Opinion will then come in, in courſe,—and lead me out.

At preſent, I hope I ſhall be ſufficiently underſtood, in telling the reader, my uncle *Toby fell in love:*

—Not that the phraſe is at all to my liking: for to ſay a man is *fallen* in love, —or that he is *deeply* in love,—or up to the ears in love,—and ſometimes even *over head and ears in it*,—carries an idiomatical kind of implication, that love is a thing *below* a man:—this is recurring again to *Plato*'s opinion, which, with all his divinityſhip,—I hold to be damnable and heretical;—and ſo much for that.

Let love therefore be what it will,—my uncle *Toby* fell into it.

——And poſſibly, gentle reader, with ſuch a temptation—ſo wouldſt thou: For never did thy eyes behold, or thy concupiſcence covet any thing in this world, more concupiſcible than widow *Wadman*.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

TO conceive this right,—call for pen and ink—here's paper ready to your hand.——Sit down, Sir, paint her to your own mind——as like your miſtreſs as you can——as unlike your wife as your conſcience will let you—'tis all one to me——pleaſe but your own fancy in it.

——— Was ever any thing in Nature ſo ſweet!—ſo exquiſite!

—— Then, dear Sir, how could my uncle *Toby* reſiſt it?

Thrice happy book! thou wilt have one page, at leaſt, within thy covers, which MALICE will not blacken, and which IGNORANCE cannot miſrepreſent.

CHAP. XXXIX.

AS *Suſannah* was informed by an expreſs from Mrs. *Bridget*, of my uncle *Toby*'s falling in love with her miſtreſs, fifteen days before it happened,—the contents of which expreſs, *Suſannah* communicated to my mother the next day,—it has juſt given me an opportunity of entering upon my uncle *Toby*'s amours a fortnight before their exiſtence.

I have an article of news to tell you, Mr. *Shandy*, quoth my mother, which will ſurpriſe you greatly.———

Now my father was then holding one of his ſecond beds of juſtice, and was muſing within himſelf about the hardſhips of matrimony, as my mother broke ſilence.———

" ——My brother *Toby*, quoth ſhe, " is going to be married to Mrs. *Wad-*" *man.*"

——Then he will never, quoth my father, be able to lie *diagonally* in his bed again as long as he lives.

It was a conſuming vexation to my father, that my mother never aſked the meaning of a thing ſhe did not underſtand.

 ——That

——That ſhe is not a woman of ſcience, my father would ſay—is her misfortune—but ſhe might aſk a queſtion.—

My mother never did.——In ſhort, ſhe went out of the world at laſt without knowing whether it turned *round*, or ſtood *ſtill*.——My father had officiouſly told her above a thouſand times which way it was,—but ſhe always forgot.

For theſe reaſons a diſcourſe ſeldom went on much further betwixt them, than a propoſition,—a reply, and a rejoinder; at the end of which, it generally took breath for a few minutes, (as in the affair of the breeches) and then went on again.

If he marries, 'twill be the worſe for us,—quoth my mother.

Not a cherry-ſtone, ſaid my father,—he may as well batter away his means upon that, as any thing elſe.

——To be ſure, ſaid my mother; ſo here ended the propoſition,—the reply,—and the rejoinder, I told you of.

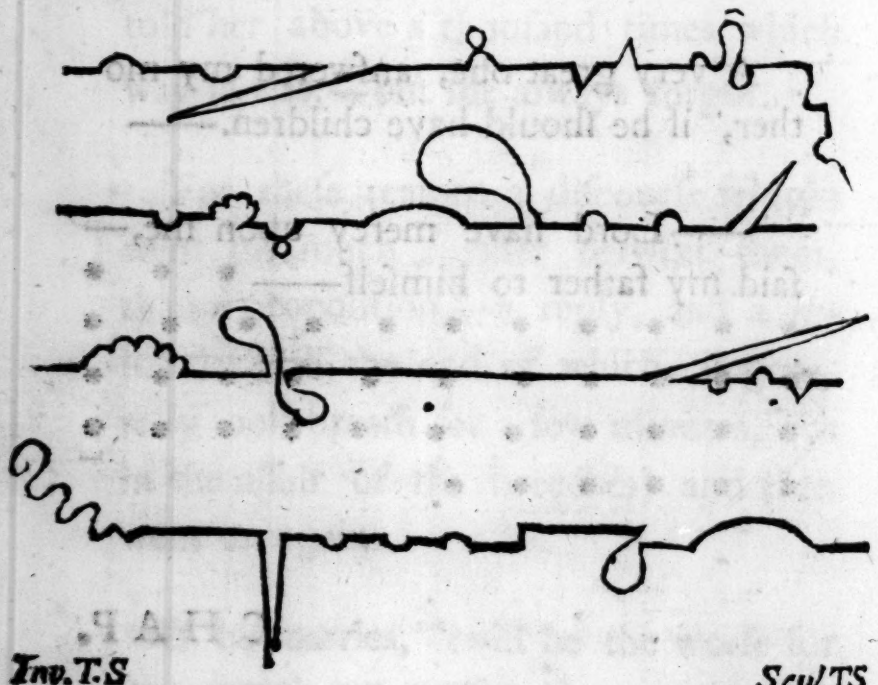
It will be ſome amuſement to him, too,——ſaid my father.

A very great one, anſwered my mother, if he ſhould have children.——

——Lord have mercy upon me,—ſaid my father to himſelf—— * * *

CHAP. XL.

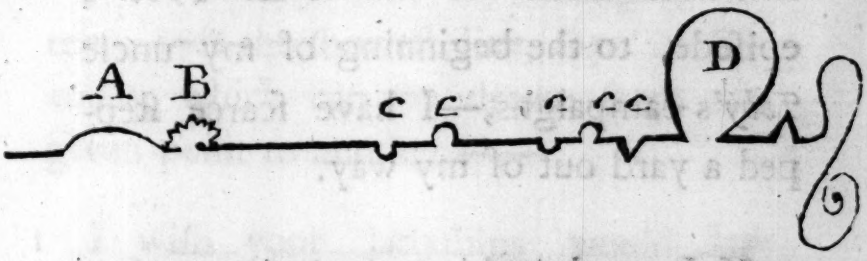
I Am now beginning to get fairly into my work; and by the help of a vegitable diet, with a few of the cold ſeeds, I make no doubt but I ſhall be able to go on with my uncle *Toby*'s ſtory, and my own, in a tolerable ſtraight line. Now,



Inv. T.S *Scul.TS*

Theſe

Theſe were the four lines I moved in through my firſt, ſecond, third, and fourth volumes.——In the fifth volume I have been very good,——the preciſe line I have deſcribed in it being this :



By which it appears, that except at the curve, marked A. where I took a trip to *Navarre*,—and the indented curve B. which is the ſhort airing when I was there with the Lady *Bauſſiere* and her page,—I have not taken the leaſt friſk of a digreſſion, till *John de la Caſſe*'s devils led me the round you ſee marked D.—for as for *c c c c c* they are nothing but parentheſes, and the common *ins* and *outs* incident to the lives of the greateſt miniſters of ſtate; and when compared

pared with what men have done,—or with my own tranſgreſſions at the letters A B D — they vaniſh into nothing.

In this laſt volume I have done better ſtill—for from the end of *Le Fever*'s epiſode, to the beginning of my uncle *Toby*'s campaigns,—I have ſcarce ſtepped a yard out of my way.

If I mend at this rate, it is not impoſſible——by the good leave of his grace of *Benevento*'s devils——but I may arrive hereafter at the excellency of going on even thus;

---

which is a line drawn as ſtraight as I could draw it, by a writing-maſter's ruler, (borrowed for that purpoſe) turning neither to the right hand or to the left.

This

This *right line*,—the path-way for Chriſtians to walk in! ſay divines——

——The emblem of moral rectitude! ſays *Cicero*——

——The *beſt line!* ſay cabbage-planters——is the ſhorteſt line, ſays *Archimedes*, which can be drawn from one given point to another.——

I wiſh your ladyſhips would lay this matter to heart in your next birth-day ſuits!

—— What a journey!

Pray can you tell me,—that is, without anger, before I write my chapter upon ſtraight lines——by what miſtake——who told them ſo——or how it has come to paſs, that your men of wit and genius have all along confounded this line, with the line of GRAVITATION.

END of the SIXTH VOLUME.